

CHAPTER I.

THE BOWLING GREEN OF THE "CROWN," He that has jilted the Muse, forsaking her gentle pipe to follow the drum and trumpet, shall fruitlessly besiege her again when the time comes to sit at home and write down his adventures. 'Tis her revenge, as I am satremely sensible; and methinks she is the harder to me, upon reflection how near I came to being her life long servant, as you

are to hear. Twas on Nov. 29, 1642-a clear, frosty day -that the king, with the Prince of Wales (newly recovered of the measles), the Princes Rupert and Maurice, and a great company of lords and gentlemen, horse and foot, came marching back to us from Reading. I was a scholar of Trinity college, in Oxford, at that time, and may begin my history at 3 o'clock on the same afternoon, when going (as my custom was) to Mr. Rob Drury for my fencing lesson, I found his lodgings empty.

They stood at the corner of Ship street, as you turn into the Corn market-a low wainscoted chamber, ill lighted but commodious. "He is off to see the show," thought I as I looked about me; and, finding an easy cushion in the window, sat down to await him. Where presently, being tired out (for I had been carrying a halberd all day with the scholars' troop in Magdalen college grove), and in despite of the open lattice, I fell sound

It must have been an hour after that I awoke with a chill (as was natural), and was stretching out a hand to pull the window close, but suddenly sat down again and fell to watching Instead.

The window looked down, at the height of ten feet or so, upon a bowling green at the back of the "Crown" tavern (kept by John Davenant, in the Corn market), and across it to a rambling wing of the same inn; the fourth side-that to my left-being but an old wall, with a broad sycamore growing against it. Twas already twilight; and in the darkening house, over the green, was now one casement brightly lit, the curtains undrawn, and within a company of noisy drinkers round a table. They were gaming, as was easily told by their clicking of the dice and frequent oaths; and anon the bellow of some tipsy chorus would come across. 'Twas one of these catches, I dare say, that woke me; only just now my eyes were bent, not towards

the singers, but on the still lawn between us, The sycamore, I have hinted, was a broad tree, and must, in summer, have borne a goodly load of leaves; but now, in Novemer, these were strewn thick over the green, and nothing left but stiff, naked boughs. Beneath it lay a cracked bowl or two on the rank turf, and against the trunk a garden bench rested, I suppose for the convenience of the players. On this a man was now seated.

He was reading in a little book, and this first jogged my curiosity: for 'twas unnatural nan should read print at this dim hour, or, bowling green for his purpose. Yet he seemed to study his volume very attentively, but with a sharp look, now and then, towards the lighted window, as if the revelers disme, and what with this and the growing dusk I could but make a guess at his face, but a plenty of silver hair fell over his fur collar. and his shoulders were bent a great deal. I judged him between fifty and sixty. For the rest, he wore a dark, simple suit, very straitly cut, with an ample furred cloak and a hat rather tall, after the fashion of the last reign.

Now, why the man's behavior so engaged me, I don't know; but at the end of half an hour I was still watching him. By this 'twas near dark, bitter cold, and his pretense to read mere fondness; yet he perseveredthough with longer glances at the casement above, where the din at times was fit to wake

And now one of the dicers upset his chair with a curse, and gets on his feet. Looking up I saw his features for a moment-a slight, pretty boy, scarce above eighteen, with fair curls and flushed cheeks like a girl's. It made me admire to see him in this ring of purple, villainous faces. Twas evident he was a young gentleman of quality, as well by his earing as his handsome cloak of amber satin barred with black. "I think the devil's in these dice!" I heard him crying, and a pretty hubbub all about him; but presently the drawer enters with more wine, and he sits down quietly to a fresh game,

As soon as 'twas started one of the crew, that had been playing but was now dropped out, lounges up from his seat and, coming to the casement, pushes it open for fresh air. He was one that till now had sat in full view-a tall bully, with a gross, pimpled nose-and led the catches in a bull's voice. The rest of the players paid no heed to his rising, and very soon his shoulders hid them as he leaned out, drawing in the cold breath. During the late racket I had forgot for a while my friend under the sycamore, but now, looking that way, to my astonishment I saw him risen from his bench and stealing across to the house opposite. I say "stealing," for he kept all the way to the darker shadow of the wall, and, besides, had a curious trailing motion with his left foot, as though the ankle of it had been wrung or badly burt.

As soon as he was come beneath the window he stopped and called softly,

"Hist!" The bully gave a start and looked down, I could tell by this motion he did not look to find any one in the bowling green at that hour. Indeed, he had been watching the shaft of light thrown past him by the room behind, and now moved so as to let it fall on the man that addressed him.

The other stands close under the window as if to avoid this, and calls again. "Hist!" says he, and beckons with a finger. The man at the window still held his tongue (I suppose because those in the room would

bear him if he spoke), and so for a while the two men studied one another in silence, as if considering their next moves. After a bit, however, the bully lifted a hand, and, turning back into the lighted

room, walks up to one of the players, speaks a word or two and disappears, I ant up on the window soat, where till now I had been crouching for fear the shaft of

light should betray me, and presently (as I was expecting) heard the latch of the back perch gently lifted, and spied the heavy form of the bully coming softly over the grass. Now, I would not have my readers preju-

diced, and so may tell them that this was the first time in my life that I had played the eavesdropper. That I did so now I can never be glad enough, but 'tis true, nevertheless, my conscience pricked me; and I was even making a motion to withdraw when that occurred which would have fixed any man's attention, whether he wished it or no. The bully must have closed the door be

hind him but carelessly, for hardly could be have taken a dozen steps when it opened again with a scuffie, and the large house dog belonging to the "Crown" flew at his heels with

a victous snarl and snap of the teeth. It was enough to scare the coolest. But the fellow turned as if shot, and before he could snap again had gripped him fairly by the throat. The struggle that followed I could barely see, but I heard the horrible

throat-and it turned me sick. The dogmastiff-was fighting now to pull loose, and the pair swayed this way and that in the

dusk, panting and murderous. I was almost shouting aloud-feeling as though it were my own throat thus grippedwhen the end came. The man had his legs planted well apart. I saw his shoulders heave up and bend as he tightened the pressure of his fingers; then came a moment's dead silence, then a hideous gurgle, and the mastiff dropped back, his hind legs trailing limp. The bully held him so for a full minute, peering close to make sure he was dead, and

en, without loosening his hold, dragged him across the grass under my window. the sycamore he halted, but only to shift his hands a little, and so, swaying on his hips, send the carcass with a heave over the wall. I heard it drop with a thud on the far side. During this flerce wrestle-which must have lasted about two minutes-the clatter and shouting of the company above had gone on without a break; and all this while the man with the white hair had rested quietly on one side, watching. But now he steps up to where the bully stood mopping his face ffor all the coolness of the evening), and, with a finger between the leaves of his book, bows

"You handled that dog, sir, choicely well," says he, in a thin voice that seemed to have a chuckle hidden in it somewhere. The other ceased mopping to get a good

look at him. "But sure," he went on, "'twas hard on the poor cur, that had never heard of Capt. Lucius Higgs"-

I thought the bully would have had him by the windpipe and pitched him after the mastiff, so fiercely he turned at the sound of this name But the old gentleman skipped back quite nimbly and held up a finger.

"I'm a man of peace. If another title suits you better"-"Where the devil got you that namef" growled the bully, and had half a mind to me on again, but the other put in briskly: 'I'm on a plain errand of business. No need, s you hint, to mention names; and there-

fore let me present myself as Mr. Z. The

residue of the alphabet is at your service to pick and choose from." "My name is Luke Settle," said the big man honrsely (but whether this was his natural voice or no. 1 could not tell).

"Let us say 'Mr. X.' I prefer it:" The old gentleman as he said this popped is head on one side, laid the forefinger of his right hand across the book, and seemed to be

"Why did you throttle that dog a minute go?" he asked, sharply. 'Why, to save my skin," answers the fel-

ow, a bit puzzled. "Would you have done it for fifty pounds!" "Av. or half that."

"And how if it had been a puppy, Mr. X?" Now all this from my hidling I had heard the dusk. But as the old gentleman paused to let his question sink in, and the bully to eatch the drift of it before answering, one of the dicers above struck up to sing a catch: "With a hey, trolly lolly! a leg to the devil,

And answer him civil, and off with your cap:

Sing—Hey, trolly lolly! Good morrow, Sir Evil, We've finished the tap, And, saving your worship, we care not a rap!" While this din continued, the stranger held p one forefinger again, as if beseeching since, the other remaining still between the

ages of his book. "Pretty boys!" he said, as the noise died way; "pretty boys! "Tis easily seen they

ave a bird to pluck. "He's none of my plucking." "And if he were, why not? Sure you've sicked a feather or two before now in the

ow countries-hey?" "I'll tell you what," interrupts the big an, "next time you crack one of your death's head jokes, over the wall you go after the dog. What's to prevent it?"

"Why, this," answers the old fellow, cheer "There's money to be made by doing no such thing. And I don't carry it all about with me. So, as 'tis late, we'd best talk business at once,"

They moved away towards the seat under the sycamore, and now their words reached me no longer-only the low murmur of their roices or (to be correct) of the elder man's; for the other only spoke now and then, to put a question, as it seemed. Presently I neard an oath rapped out, and saw the bully start up. "Hush, man!" cried the other, and "hark ye now;" so he sat down again. Their very forms were lost within the shadow. I myself was cold enough by this time, and had a cramp in one leg, but lay still, nevertheless. And after a while they stood up together, and came pacing across the bowling green side by side, the older man trailing his foot painfully to keep step. You may be sure I strained my ears.

"Besides the pay," the stranger was saying, "there's all you can win of this young fool, Anthony, and all you find on the pair, which I'll wager"-

They passed out of hearing, but turned soon and came back again. The big man was speaking this time. "I'll be shot if I know what game you're

playing in this." The elder chuckled softly. "I'll be shot if

I mean you to," said he. And this was the last I heard. For no there came a clattering at the door behind me, and Mr. Robert Drury reeled in, hiccoughing a maudiin ballad about "Tib and young Colin one fine day, beneath the haycock shade-a," etc., etc., and cursing to find his fire gone out and all in darkness. Liquor was ever his master, and today the king's health had been a fair excuse. He did not spy me, but the roar of his ballad had startled the two men outside, and so, while he was stumbling over chairs and groping for a tin-der box, I alipped out in the darkness and down stairs into the streets.

CHAPTER II. THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CLOAR OF AMBER SATIN.

Guess, any of you, if these events disturbed my rest that night. 'Twas 4 o'clock before I dropped asleep in my bed in Trinity, and my last thoughts were still busy with the words I had heard. Nor, on the morrow, did it fare any better with me; so that, at rhetoric lecture, our president-Dr. Ralph Kettle-took me by the ears before the whole class. He was the fiercer upon me as being older than the gross of my fellow scholars, and (as be thought) the more restless under discipline. 'A tutored adolescence," he would say, "is a fair grace before meat," and had his hour glass enlarged to point the moral for us. But even a rhetoric lecture must have an end, and so, tossing my gown to the porter, I set off at last for Magdalen Bridge, where the new barricado was building, along the Physic Garden, in front of East Gate.

The day was dull and lowering, though my wits were too busy to heed the sky; but scarcely was I past the small gate in the city wall when a brisk shower of bail and sleet drove me to shelter in the Pig market (or Proschoium) before the Divinity school. 'Tis an ample vaulted passage, as I dare say you know; and here I found a great company of people already driven by the same cause.

nor time for. But here, today, along with many doctors and scholars, were walking courtiers, troopers, mountebanks, cut purses, astrologers, rogues and gamesters, together with many of the first ladies and gentlemen of England, as the Prince Maurice, the Lords Andover, Digby and Colepepper, my Lady

Thynne, Mistress Fanshawe, Mr. Secretary Nicholas, the famous Dr. Harvey, arm in arm with my Lord Falkland (whose boots were splashed with mud, he having ridden over from his house at Great Tew), and many such, all mixed in this incredible tagrag. Mistress Fanshawe, as I remember, was playing on a lute, which she carried always slung about her shoulders; and close beside her, a fellow impudently puffing his specific against the morbus campestris, which already

distracted times, which I have neither wit

had begun to invade us. "Who'll buyf" he was bawling. "Tisfrom the receipt of a famous Italian, and never yet failed man, woman nor child, unless the heart were clean drowned in the disease; the best part of it good muscadine, and has virtue igainst the plague, smallpox or surfeits!"

I was standing before this jackanapes, when heard a stir in the crowd behind me, and mother calling, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" Turning, I saw a young man, very gayly iressed, moving quickly about at the far end of the Pig market, and behind him an old lackey, bent double with the weight of two great baskets that he carried. The baskets were piled with books, clothes, gawgaws of all kinds; and 'twas the young gentleman that hawked his wares himself. "What d'ye lack? he kept shouting, and would stop to unfold his merchandise, holding up now a book and now a silk doublet, and running over their merits like any huckster-but with

the merriest conceit in the world. And yet 'twas not this that sent my heart flying into my mouth at the sight of him. For by his curls and womanish face, no less ban the amber cloak with the black bars, I knew him at once for the same I had seen vesterday among the dicers.

As I stood there, drawn this way and that by many reflections, he worked his way through the press, selling here and there a trifle from his baskets, and at length came to a hait in front of me.

"Ha!" he cried, pulling off his plumed hat and bowing low, "a scholar, I perceive. Let me serve you, sir. Here is the 'History of Saint George,'" and he picked out a thin brown quarto and held it up; "written by Muster Peter Heylin; a ripe book, they tel me (though, to be sure, I never read beyond the title), and the price a poor two shillings." Now, all this while I was considering what to do. So, as I put my hand in my pocket,

hear), looking him in the eyes: "So thus you feed your capenses at the dice; and my shilling, no doubt, is for Luke Settle, as well as the rest."

and drew out the shillings, I said very slowly

For the moment, under my lock, he went white to the lips; then Chapped his hand to his sword, withdrew it, and answered me, red as a turkey cock; "Shalt be a parson yet, Master Scholar,

but art in a damned hurry, it seems." Now, I had ever a quick temper, and as he turned on his heel was like to have replied and raised a brawl. My own meddling tongue had brought rebuil upon me, but yet my heart was hot as he walked away.

I was standing there and looking after him, turning over in my hand the "Life of Saint George," when my fingers were aware of a slip of paper between the pages. Pulling it out, I saw 'twas scribbled over with writing and figures, as follows:

"MR. ANTHONY KILLIGREW, his acct for Oct. 25th, MDCXLIL-For herrings, 2d.; for coffie, 4d.; for scowring my cont, 6d.; at ewls, 5s. 10.1.; for bleading me, 1s. 0d.; for Marjory), 2s. 4d.; for seeing ye rhinoceros, 4d.; at ye Ranter-go-round, 6%d.; for a pair of silver buttons, 2s. 6d.; for apples, 214d.; for ale, 6d.; at ye dice, £17 5s.; for spiced wine (again), 4s. 6d.

And so on. As I glanced my eye down this paper, my nger cozed away, and a great feeling of pity me over me, not only at the name of Anthony-the name I had heard spoken in the bowling green last night—but also to see that monstrous item of £17 odd spent on the dice. Twas such a boy, too, after all, that I was angry-with, that had spent fourpence to see the rhinoceros at a fair, and rode at th ranter-go round) with "Marjory," no doubt, as 'twas for her, no doubt, the silver buttons were bought). So that, with quick forgive ness. I hurried after him, and laid a hand on as shoulder.

He stood by the entrance, counting up his money, and drew himself up very stiff, "I think, sir," said 1, "this paper is yours. "I thank you," he answered, taking it and

eying me. "Is there anything besides you wished to say?" "A great deal, maybe, if your name be Anthony.

"Master Authory Killigrew is my name, sir; now serving under Lord Bernard Stewart in his majesty's troop of guards." "And mine is Jack Marvel," said I.

"Of the Yorkshire Marvels?" "Why, yes; though but a shoot of that good stock, transplanted to Cumberland, and there sadly withered."

"'Tis no matter, sir," said he politely; "I shall be proud to cross swords with you." "Why, bless your heart!" I cried out, full of laughter at this childish punctilio; "do ye think I came to fight you!" "If not, sir"-and he grew colder than ever

"you are going a cursed roundabout way to avoid it." Upon this, finding no other way out of it, I began my tale at once; but hardly had come

to the meeting of the two men on the bowling green when he interrupts me politely. "I think, Master Marvel, as yours is like to e a story of some moment, I will send this fellow back to my lodgings. He's a long eared dog that I am saving from the gallows for so long as my conscience allows me. The shower is done, I see; so if you know of a re-

He dismissed his lackey and strolled off up and down, I told him all I had heard and een the night before.

tired spot we will talk there more at our

"And now," said I, "can you tell me if you have any such enemy as this white haired man with the limping gait?" He had come to a halt, sucking in his lips

and seeming to reflect. "I know one man," he began; "but no-'tis impossible," As I stood, waiting to hear more, he clapped his hand in mine, very quick and friendly; 'Jack," he cried, "I'll call thee Jack-'twas

an honest good turn thou hadst in thy heart

to do me, and I a surly rogue to think of fighting-I that could make mince meat of "I can fence a bit," answered L "Now, say no more, Jack; I love thee." He looked in my face, still holding my hand and smiling. Indeed, there was something of the foreigner in his brisk, grateful ways: yet not unpleasing. I was going to say

have seen and know the twin image so well. "I think," said I, "you had better be conddering what to do." He laughed outright this time; and resting, with his legs crossed, against the trank of an elin, twirled an end of his long lovelocks, and looked at me comically. Said he, "Tell me, Jack, is there aught in me that offends thee?

I had never seen the like; ah, me! that both

"Why, no," I answered. "I think you're a very proper young man; such as I should loathe to see spoiled by Master Settle's kuife." "Art not quick at friendship, Jack, but better at advising; only in this case fortune has prevented thy good offices. Hark ve." he leaned forward and glanced to right and left, "If these twain intend my hurt-as indeed 'twould seem-they lose their labor, for this very night I ride from Oxford."

"And why is that!" "I'll tell thee, Jack, though I deserve to be shot. I am bound with a letter from his majesty to the Army of the West, where I sounds of it—the hard, short breathing of the sounds of it—the hard, short breathing of it—the hard, short bre

nationality until after the physician swees country, they say, though I have never peen it !!

"Not seen thy father's country?" "Why, no-for he married a French woman, Jack; God rest her dear soul!"-he lifted bis hat-"and settled in that country, near Moriaix, in Brittany, among my mother's kin; my grandfather refusing to see or speak with him for wedding a poor woman without his consent. And in France was I born and bred, and came to England two years agone; and this last July the old curmudgeon died. So that my father, who was an only son, is even now in England returning to his estates, and with him my only sister Delia. I shall meet them on the way. To think of it!" (and I declare the tears sprang to his eyes). "Delia will be a woman grown, and ah! to see dear Cornwall together!"

Now, I myself was an only child, and had been made an orphan when but 9 years old by the smallpox that visited our home in Wastdale village and carried off my father, the vicar, and my dear mother. Yet his simple words spoke to my heart, and woke so tender a yearning for the small stone cottage, and the bridge, and the gray fells of Yewbarrow above it, that a mist rose in my eyes, too, and I turned away to hide it.

"Tis a ticklish business," said I, after a minute, "to carry the king's letter. Not one in four of his messengers comes through, they say. But since it keeps you from the dice"-"That's true. To-night I make an end."

"To-night?"

Why, yes. To-night I go for my revenge, and ride straight from the inu door," "Then I go with you to the 'Crown," cried, very positive. He dropped playing with his curl, and

looked me in the face, his mouth twitching with a queer smile. "And so thou shalt, Jack; but why?" "I'll give no reason," said I, and knew

was blushing. "Then be at the corner of All-Hallows' church in Turl street at 7 to-night. I lodge over Master Simon's, the glover, and must be about my affairs. Jack"-he came near and took my hand-"am sure thou lovest me. ife nodded, with another cordial smile, and went his way up the grove, his amber cloak flaunting like a belated butterfly under the leafless trees; and so passed out of my sight.

CHAPTER III.

I FIND MYSELF IN A TAVERN BRAWL. It wanted, maybe, a quarter to 7 that evening, when passing out at the college gate on my way to All-Hallows' church, I saw under the lantern there a man loitering and talking with the porter. 'Twas Master Anthony's lackey; and as I came up he held out but softly, so that the lackey might not a note for me:

Deare Jack Wee goe to the "Crowne" at VI o'clock, I having most with Captain Settle, who is on dewty with the horse to-nite, and must to Abendonn by IX. I looke for you- Your unfayned loving

The bearer has left my servise, and his heith onserns me not. So kik him if he tarrie.

This last advice I had no time to carry out with any thoroughness; but being put in a great dread by this change of hour, pelted off towards the Corn market as fast as legs could take me, which was the undoing of a little cound citizen into whom I ran full tilt at the corner of Balliol college; who, before I could see his face in the darkness, was tipped on his back in the gutter and using the most dismal expressions. So I left him, considering that my excuses would be unsatisfying to his present demands and to his coole judgment a superfluity.

The windows of the "Crown" were cheerfully lit behind their red blinds, A few straddling grooms and troopers talked and spat in the brightness of the entrance, and and down a beautiful sorrel mare, ready saddled, that was marked on the near hind leg with a high white stocking. In the passage I met the host of the "Crown," Master John Davenant, and sure (I thought) in what odd corners will the Muse pick up her favorites! For this slow, loose cheeked vintner was no less than father to Will Davenaut, our laureate, and had belike read no other verse in his life but those at the bottom of his own pint

"Top of the stairs," says he, indicating my way, "and open the door ahead of you, if y'are the young gentleman Master Killigrew

I had my foot on the bottom step, when from the room above comes the crash of a table upsetting, with a noise of broken glass. chairs thrust back and a racket of outcries. Next moment the door was burst open, letting out a flood of light and curses; and down flies a drawer, three steps at a time, with a red stain of wine trickling down his

white face. "Murder!" he gasped out; and sitting down on a stair, fell to mopping his face, all sick and trembling.

I was dashing past him, with the landlord at my beels, when three men came tumbling out at the door and down stairs. I squeezed myself against the wall to let them pass; but Master Davenant was pitched to the very foot of the stairs. And then he picked himself up and ran out into the Corn market, the drawer after him, and both shouting "Watch! Watch!" at the top of their lungs; and so left the three fellows to push by the women already gathered in the passage, and gain the street at their ease. All this happened while a man could count twenty; and in half a minute I heard the ring of steel and

was standing in the doorway. There was now no light within but what was shed by the fire and two tallow candles that guttered on the mantelshelf. The re maining candlesticks lay in a pool of wine on the floor, amid broken glasses, bottles, scattered coins, dice boxes and pewter pots. In the corner to my right cowered a pot boy, with tankard dangling in his hand, and the contents spilling into his shoes. His wide, terrified eyes were fixed on the far end of the room, where Anthony and the brute Settle stood, with a shattered chair between them, Their swords were crossed in tierce, and grating together as each sought occasion for a lunge, which might have been fair enough with me to the Trinity grove, where, walking | but for a dog faced trooper in a frowsy black periwig, who, as I entered, was gathering a handful of coins from under the fallen table, and now ran across, sword in hand, to the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**OUEER IDEAS OF AMERICA.** The Germans Think It Is Not a Large

Country. Americans who leave the beaten track of travel in Germany are always objects of more or less interest to the people, says the New York Tribune. There is the curiosity due to the great distance; that the visitors have come from, and besides a German who has not a relative or at least a friend in this country is a rarity. The traveler is asked all kinds of questions about the United States, and often a most lamentable ignorance is displayed by the Germans about the distant country. A case in point is related by a New Yorker who spent some time one summer in a village in Hanover, at some distance from a railroad. He was visiting a physician whom he had met at Rorlin in the university days of both of them.

One afternoon the physician, accompanied by his friend, drove to a farmhouse to visit a sick child. When he alighted the American remained in the vehicle. In the course of his call the physician happened to mention that his companion was from the United States. As they drove away an old lady rushed out of the house, gesticulating wildly, and calling on them to stop. They did this, and she ran up, all out of breath,

"How is my son? He is in America."

SUCCESSFUL MOVING. How to Make the Disagreeable Task as

left the house, and ran to make inquiry

about her son, who had been in Amer-

ica for fifteen years. The woman had

received no word from him or about

him for several years. She thought, of

course, that every one in America knew

every one else there. The foreigner

had much difficulty in explaining that

he had never heard of her son, who was

in Minnesota when he wrote his last

letter. For some time the good woman

believed that the New Yorker was an

impostor and that he did not come from

THE WORLD ITS FIELD.

Record of the Ravages of the Most

So far as anybody can discover now,

says the New York Times, consumption

has existed in all ages and in all coun-

tries. As far back as the records of

civilized people can be traced they tell

of the existence of the disease and of

its character. In coast lands and

plateaus, valleys and hillsides, marshes

and mountains, the bacillus has been

earrying off its thousands ever since

mankind has been on earth. German

statisticians have figured it out that in

any population on the average the pro-

portion of deaths by consumption is to

the deaths by all other diseases as one

Here are some figures showing what

the death rate from consumption has

been in some of the principal cities of

the world. From 1877 to 1880 all the

German cities having over 15,000 in-

habitants showed yearly 2.5 deaths

from consumption for every thousand

of population. From 1869 to 1883

Berlin's rate was \$.8 per thousand per

annum. Hamburg's record was 3.4.

In Frankfort-on-the-Main the fatal

cases each year were 3.5 for every thou-

sand inhabitants. From 1865 to 1874

the rate in Vienna was very high, reach-

London doca not make so poor a

showing as might be expected from a

city having a bad climate. From 1848

to 1855 its rate for consumption was 8.7.

In the ten years from 1859 to 1869, how-

ever, the rate went down to 3.2. Edin-

burgh's record for four years about 1860

was 3 fatal cases for each thousand in-

habitants. In the four years up to and

including 1855 Belgium made a showing

of 3.5. For the Netherlands, from 1869

to 1874, the figure was 2.46. Switzer-

land, from 1865 to 1869, showed 1.86. In

Berne the rate was far higher than

this, reaching 3.9. Among the cities of

Europe the rate was lowest in Geneva,

where it was 2.2. The country districts

brought down the average for the con-

federation. In Paris, from 1845 to 1851,

the showing was 4.1; from 1873 to 1877

it was 4.2. Italian records give varia-

tions from 3.73 to 4.04. The rate in Rome

In Rio Janeiro there is a rate which is

rather surprising to persons who have

looked upon that town as enjoying a

very warm climate. The city, accord-

ing to the statisticians, loses five of each

through the ravages of consumption.

Pernambuco makes even a more unfa-

to 5.2. The rate for Australia is given

In this city, from 1805 to 1887, the rate

was 5.3. By 1870 it was down to 4.1.

Albany in that year showed 2.9 and

Buffalo 1.4. Between 1807 and 1840 the

rate in Philadelphia was 5.6. In 1870 it

stood at the comparatively low figure of

3.1. Chicago in the same year was re-

turned at 1.6, Richmond, Va., at 3.9 and

St. Louis at 1.7. In Charleston, S. C.,

the rate for the whites was 3.7, and for

is given as 3.52.

38 2.22

ing no less a percentage than 7.7.

Dreaded of Diseases.

America at all.

to seven.

Easy as Possible. As a preliminary to successful and comfortable moving, let the housekeeper make out a list of articles that must go, those which shall go first, and decide on the things suitable to put in the same load. Have your packingboxes well aired and set in a convenient place, so that every article can be packed as soon as prepared. This arrangement saves all unnecessary handling. Small packing-cases are better than large, as they are more safely and easily handled. Old newspapers are excelent for lining these boxes, and also

for placing between the various articles. Books must be packed closely, with edges down, and it saves space to make each row as uniform as possible. Place the largest and heaviest books in the bottom, and the lighter ones on top, with plenty of paper or old rags between.

In packing china, glass and bric-abrac, it is well to use excelsior, hay or paper. Use the strongest boxes, and line the bottom with a thick layer of your packing material. Pitchers, bowls and all sorts of deep dishes should be stuffed with it, and no two pieces should ever touch each other. Fine ware should be first wrapped in tissue-paper and soft crumpled newspapers.

In Moving a short distance, one may use the wash-tubs and clothes-baskets for packing the china and glass, and have them carried by hand. But, if going far, it is a good plan to use the summer clothing, the cotton underwear, and other soft bits, for packing and wrapping.

Valuable pictures must have a separate wooden case.

In packing furniture, such as sofas, chairs, tables, etc., the legs, arms and other projections must be well protected, and the wrappings fastened with twine. Carpets and curtains must be cleaned before folding. All such little indispensable trifles as picture hooks, curtain fixtures, screws, etc., must be placed in a stout bag and tied up, marked on the outside and laid by for use when wanted. Wrap your bedding. pillows, mattresses and similar articles in old sheets, so that they will keep fresh and clean.

Old barrels are useful in packing kitchen utensils, and all sorts of provisions that you can not dispose of before making should be emptied into caus and buckets that are thus stored away. But a careful manager will so plan as to have little in the line of groceries to

Have a full supply of food, bread, meat, etc., all cooked beforehand, so that the first meal in the new house can be prepared with but little trouble. It is usually some time before one is ready

Do not make the great mistake of thousand of its residents each year starving your family and yourself during the "moving days." Give them your best jam, and your sugar-cured ham, vorable record, for there the figures run biscuit, that are good when the frolic, and fancy that they are hav-

ing a continuous pienic. If you can only take things calmly and exercise all your tact, good sense and good nature, you will come out of the ordeal proud of yourself and admired by your family for having accomplished that difficult feat, a successful moving .- Peterson's.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS.

the blacks .4. The rate in Memphis was 2.82 and in New Orleans 3.9. These figures give one an idea of the prevalence of the disease which is said to sweep away about 3,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants every year. Consumption very often lasts from two to three years, and frequently it covers a greater period. A record is given of one patient who had the disease for forty years, finally succumbing to it. Of course to all consumptives the Koch treatment is a matter of the greatest importance. Naturally they watch with eagerness for the results of the experi-

ments with the German professor's lymph Some writers on the subject of consumption declare that the fatal termination of most cases leads to an underestimate of the number of instances in which recovery takes place. The popular notion of its universally fatal character, they say, is a mistake. Traces of an old tuberculous affection are not very uncommon in bodies examined after death from other and various diseases, showing that the progress of

the old ailment had been arrested. Changes of climate and improved methods of treatment have all done much to retard the progress of the disease, but any thing like a generally effective cure has never been within the reach of the consumptive. Sanguine advocates of the lymph prophesy much for it. Their greatest hope is that it will supply just this long sought desideratum.

A Few "Briticisms." The use of the adverb "directly" for the conjunction "as soon as" is distinctly a Briticism, says Eugene Field in the Chicago News, but it is not slang. On the contrary, "knocked up" for "weary" or "tired out," and "seedy" for "ailing" -these are fair examples of British slang-not of the thieves' slang, but of the slang that obtains in polite circles throughout the United Kingdom. Certain English words which the British use are much more desirable than the corresponding words used generally in this country. For example: The word "lift" is better than the word "elevator," for the reason that "lift" is English and "elevator" is Latin. On the other hand, our British cousins rarely "begin;" they "commence." They seldom "end;" they "finish"-that is, they say they do, but they don't, for to say that a thing is finished is equivalent to saying that it is finally elaborated and polished to the degree of which the creator is possible. Very little in human life is finished.

A Fatal Year for Alpine Guides. The climbing season of 1889 was more fertile of accidents than any since the fatal year of 1882. Only one Englishman, Mr. Arthur Macnamara, was among the slain; but the number of guides who lost their lives during the summer's work was exceptionally large. Of the nine guides and two porters thus killed no less than nine died literally in harness, with the rope round them and their sacks on their shoulders. Except in 1870, when three travelers and eight guides perished in one storm at Mont Blanc, there has never been in one year such a tale of slaughter among those who earn their bread

Pictures must be wrapped in canvas if going far, in paper if but a short distance, and packed standing on and.

to do much in that line of work.

and your dainty home-made cookies and week old. Then the children will enjoy

Why They May Be Considered the True Builders of the Pyramids. All the magnificent buildings of Paris are made of limestone taken from quarries near the city. These quarries are composed of layers made entirely from the tiny shells of microscopic animals. No less than one hundred and thirtyseven species exist in these limestone beds. There were other little beings, not so small, that did an enormous share of rock-building. They have received the name "nummulities," from the Latin word "nummus," meaning "money," because their shells resemble coins. In Germany they are commonly called the "devil's money." They are so perfectly formed that one can not help thinking, on first looking at them, that they have been stamped with a dia. In some places mountains of great height are made of their shells. In Egypt the layers are of such extent that since centuries before Christ the

rock has been used for building purposes. The ancient pyramids and the Sphinx are made of this rock. Beds of lignite, a kind of half-finished coal, are also found among the rocks of this age. With it is found the yellow amber, which is only fossil resin from a species of pine tree. It is abundant on the shores of the German ocean. Insects are often found preserved in it as perfect as on the day they were imprisoned. The first bee of all the ages was found in amber, "an embalmed corpse in a crystal coffin." With it were found fragments of flower and leaf, as if the resin dropped on the flower upon which the bee had alighted, and enveloped

both -St Nicholas. An Enterprising Young Man. The Hertfordshire (Canada) Standard says that a matrimonially-inclined young farmer who livesein an isolated district with a colony of his own sex. wrote to a friend in New York to select a suitable girl and send her out to him. An attractive damsel was sent to him, and he was so pleased with her that he invited his friends to meet her the night before the wedding. One of the party was so struck with admiration that he offered \$50 for his interest in the maiden, which he accepted, and another man led her to the altar the next day. The farmer at once wrote for another girl, and one was quickly dispatched. This time he was offered a bonus of 875 besides his outlay, and another man took the prize. A third time he wrote and a third time a young maiden arrived, but, though bessught with offers, he refused to part with her and was speedily married.

A funny story of elephants comes from the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. A few days ago three elephants were discovered quietly chewing gum, with all the apparent enjoyment of the school girl. They had supplied themselves with the article in the shape of fifty feet of rubber garden hose, which is attached to a hydrant in the building and used for cleaning out the stalls. When not in use the hose is stretched at length on the floor, insmediately beneath the elephant cages. In reaching for nuts one of the beasts had accidentally found the hose and drawn it into the cage. All had then taken a share, and PIGEONS ON THE WING.

Justances of the Extraordinary Speed They Acquire. The power of pigeons on the wing is proverbial. All trained birds of this species have two qualifications in a marked degree. The first is speed, the second long and sustained powers of flight. This proposition can imply demonstrated, and the form mig are some of the most remarkable records: On October 6, 1850, Sir John Ross dispatched a pair of young pigeons from Assistance Bay, a little west of Wellington Sound, and on October 13 a pigeon made its appearance at the dovecote in Ayrshire, Scotland, whence Sir John had the pair taken out. The distance direct between the two places is 2,000 miles. An instance is on record of a pigeon flying twenty-three miles in eleven minutes, and another flew from Rouen to Ghent, 150 miles, in an hour and a half. An interesting incident of flight is the case of a pigeon which, in 1845, fell wounded and exbausted at Vauxhall station, then the terminus of the Southwestern rallway. It bore a message to the effect that it was one of three dispatched to the Duke of Wellington from Ichaboe Island, 2,000 miles away. The message was immediately sent to His Grace, and by him acknowledged. In a pigeon competition some years ago the winning bird flew from Ventnor to Manchester, 208 miles, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. As an experiment a trained pigeon was recently dispatched from a northern newspaper office with a request that it might be liberated for its return journey at 9:45 a. m. It reached home at 1:10 p. m., having covered in the meantime 148 miles, flying at the rate of forty miles an hour. In the north pigeons have long been used to convey messages between country houses and market towns, and in Russia they are now being employed to convey negatives of photographs taken in balloons. The first experiment of the kind was made from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, and the subject photographed was the Finter Palace. The plates were packed in envelopes, impenetrable to light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, which safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkovo. Here is another interesting instance of speed and staying power. The pigeons in question flew from Bordeaux to Manchester, and not only beat all existing records, but flew more than seventy miles further than any thing previously attempted by English flyers. The winning bird flew at the rate of 1,879 yards a minute, or over 64 miles an hour, and that for a distance of 14234 miles. The same club has flown birds distances of 613 and 625 miles. These latter, however, were several days in returning, and in their case the only wonder is that they could accomplish the distance at all. The following is still more interesting, as it entailed a race between birds and insects. A pigeon fancier of Hamme, in Westphalia, made a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cot from the same distance. The competi tors were given wing at Rhynhern, a village nearly a league from Hamme,

PYRAMIDS OF ORE.

and the first bee finished a quarter of a

minute in advance of the first pigeon,

three other bees reached the goal be-

fore the second pigeon, the main body

of both detachments finishing almost

simultaneously an instant or two later.

The bees, too, may be said to have been

handicapped in the race, having been

rolled in flour before starting for pur-

poses of identification .- Cornhill Maga-

Over Sixteen Million Ounces of Silver in a Single Lump. A glistening column, seventy-five feet in height and surmounted by the figure of Atlas carrying the world upon his shoulders, is the most imposing object in the center transept of the Crystal palace. It gleams as if it were made of silver, which is at it should be, for, although it is not made of silver, it represents 16,500,000 ounces of that precious metal, every ounce of which was taken from a mine in New South Wales be

tween May, 1886, and July, 1890. This column, imposing and attractive as it is, is only one item in the exhibition of mining and metallurgy thrown open to the public that New South Wales may demonstrate how exhaustless and how varied is her mineral wealth. Gold and silver, copper and tin, lead and antimony, iron and graphite, bismuth and coal, in the condition in which they were wrested from the earth, are stacked in the form of pyramids. In that pyramid of reddish brown ore there is silver, and in that other pyramid of rock, in which red, yellow, white, green, black and a few other colors struggle for precedence, there is also silver. In that pile of hard and valuable looking rock, steel gray in color, taken from the New England mine, there is gold and silver. That glittering pile, which looks like isinglass, is gold-bearing pyrites quarts. It was taken from the deepest mine in the colonies-Adelong-and considerable trouble is experienced in inducing the quartz to give up the gold. Another pile of same rock, but of many colors, is decomposed quartz, and was taken from the Peak mine. That pyramid of dark gray rock contains both gold and antimony. Until quite recently it was worked for the gold alone, but now it is compelled to surrender both metals. A pyramid of copper ingots on a base of copper quartz represents specimens from the different copper mines in New South Wates. In this pyramid are

shown the various stages through which copper passes from the time it is dug out of the earth until it has been rid of all impurities, and is far too fine to be made into pennies. Gold and copper go hand in hand in some of the ore that will be seen at the exhibition. A bucketful of gold was found in one patch of the reef from which a pyramid of whitish-gray quartz was taken. Not far from the copper pyramid is a pyramid of tin ingots, the base being formed of samples of tin ore from the New England and Barrie ranges. Within a few paces are cases of stream tin. In these it is shown how stream tin looks in the rough as it is washed from high ground, and how it looks when it has been washed by man. There are also to be seen in these cases lumps of pure tin which were found in the rivers. There are bags of almost pure tin ore, too. In one case is a gold nugget of the value of £1,300, and surrounding are samples of rich gold-bearing quarts, and samples of the different varieties of alluvial gold found in the colony .- Lon-